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$2 PER ANNUM, } "ON WE MOVE INDISSOLUBLY FIRM; GOD AND NATURE BID THE SAME." { IN ADVANCE.

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POETRY.

A WIFE'S APPEAL.

Come, rouse thee, dearest—'tis not well
To let the spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood;
As brooks and torrents, rivers, all,
Increase the gulf in which they fall;
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills;
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The landmarks hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee now—I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind—
Strange thou should'st be thus shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy
And be what heaven intended thee;
Throw from thoughts this wearying weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great,
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly woe.

Full well I know the generous soul
That warms thee into life;
Each spring which can its power control
Familiar to thy wife;
For deem'st thou she could stoop to bind?
The eagle-like ambition nursed
From childhood in her heart had first
Consumed with its promethean flame
The shrine, than sank her so to shame

Then rouse thee, dearest! from the dream,
That falters now thy powers;
Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam,
To gird each cloud which lowers;
And though at present seems so far
The goal, the guiding star,
With peaceful ray would light thee on,
Until its utmost bounds be won;
That quenchless ray thou'l't ever prove,
In fond, undying wedded love!

SELECTED STORY.

ELEANOR'S RUSE.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

John Wilson's thoughts were neither pleasant nor agreeable as he walked slowly down the lane leading from his snug looking little farm house to the main road, talking and muttering to himself.

"Who's to blame? who's to blame?" he said, at the same time thrusting his large and labor-hardened hands down into the depths of his capacious pockets. "Sally way say jest all she wants to, justifyin' the girl in runnin away with that good for nothin' artist vagabond, Paul Moore, but she can't convince me no how, that Eleanor haint done a foolish thing."

John Wilson was a well-to-do farmer, plain and blunt in his ways, yet sober and industrious in all his habits, and honest in his business transactions. Though naturally possessed of a kind heart, and of generous sympathies, he had a determined will, that, when once fixed upon any decision, he could neithr be moved nor changed in his opinions. This peculiarity he would often carry to a harsh and unreasonable extreme. His wife was a quiet and unassuming little body, who rarely attempted to expostulate with him, knowing his peculiar character too well to risk her domestic peace and happiness by a constant conflict with his opinions. Eleanor was their only daughter, and for one reared and educated in simplicity, her grace and many accomplishments were of a remarkable order. She was nearly eighteen—that wondrous age of feminine perfection, and fully developed womanhood, when, in the flush of health, and loveliness, the beauty of woman most moves the hearts of men.

Paul Moore was a poor artist, poor, as regards the common expression of the term, yet rich in tallent and culture, with a mind ever hopeful for the future, and a heart full of the kindest and noblest impulse. He had come from a distant city to spend the summer in Glenwood. He had casually met Eleanor, and from a friendly intimacy there had sprung an ardent affection that was mutual with them. They were constantly in each other's society, and for the future they thought of nothing but sunshine and joy. Eleanor's father had not suspected the existence of their attachment for each other, he had interpreted the action of Paul Moore as mere friendly attention, and, as he had always found the young man sociable and interesting in conversation, he had encouraged his visits to his farm house. He had found Paul a willing listener to his notions and favorite stories, and had always treated him with civility.

Eleanor was the idol of her father and would have been a petted and spoiled child had it not been for her lovable traits of character. The old man jealously guarded her and had forbidden many a worthy young man the house, who had had the temerity to make overtures for her heart and hand, and the freedom given to Paul Moore was an episode in the quiet village of Glenwood, that was largely commented upon by its gossiping inhabitants.

But the veil that had so long shadowed the old man's eyes was one morning suddenly removed, when as he started for the village he was overtaken by Paul Moore who in a frank and manly way, had told him of his love and affection for Eleanor and requested his consent to their union.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of old John Wilson, his astonishment would not have been greater, his first impulse had been to strike the young man to the earth, but after a moment's reflection he had lowered his knotty walking stick and had relieved his mind by a torrent of words that were both unreasonable and uncalled for. He had forbidden the young man ever to see Eleanor again, or to use any means of communication with her. He had threatened him with vengeance if he ever dared make any endeavor to renew his attentions to her and had driven the young artist in despair from his presence.

Love laughs at human restraints, and human hands can fashion neither bolt nor bar of strength and power to always hold apart two hearts that love each other.

Notwithstanding the restraints placed upon Eleanor by her ever watchful father, she frequently contrived to meet her lover and one morning there was a vacant seat at the old family breakfast table, and a more vacant expression on the old man's features when he learned that Eleanor was gone. His first feelings were of anger, yet as the thought came to him of all the happiness she had brought him, of her kind words and her childish affection for him, a tear from a dim eye, trickled over his furrowed face and fell upon his horny hands. But the old spirit came back again, his evil genius triumphed, and with an expression of unchangeable determination, he brought his clenched hands down upon the table with a force that made it tremble.

"Eleanor is lost to us forever, she shall never come home again."

"John, are you crazy?" said his amiable little wife, vainly striving to quiet the tempest in his breast.

"Sally," he returned, "I can never forgive her. There's no use in your arguin' the matter, it only aggravates me. I'd rather have buried the poor girl than to have had her gone off so," and with a groan he started from his chair, pulled his old hat over his eyes, and left the room, starting down the lane in the unpleasant state of mind in which we find him in the commencement of our story.

He walked slowly along until he reached the bars opening into the highway and seating himself upon them, pulled out his jackknife, and splitting a bit of cedar from the bar post commenced whittling. He glanced up and down the road but could see nobody, and he fell to thinking again. He saw in memory, the face of a fair and beautiful child. His little Eleanor, the sound of whose voice, in her innocent childhood, had been the music of his life. How many bright castles had he built for her; how earnestly had he planned and toiled for her, that as she grew to maturity she might have the means of learning many arts and accomplishments of her sex that would render her perfect in womanhood. She had grown to be all that he had hoped for, and when he was most proud of her she had flown from him, and his labor of love had been in vain!

How often do the invisible promptings of a misguided will render the human mind insensible to all discrimination between what is right and wrong?

Thus it was with old John Wilson. His better feelings would have prevailed, had not his iron will held them in subjection.

He glanced backward at the old farm-house. There was hardly an object that met his eyes that did not suggest some thought of her; his will was beginning to waver. "After all," he muttered, "Moore is not so bad a fellow. I hain't got nothin' agin him, except this matter. I rather liked the fellow until I found out he was trying to steal Eleanor from me. I wouldn't have thought him capable of so mean an action. His bein' poor hain't nothin' particularly agin' him. People might have said the same o' me when I was his age, and I hadn't his education neither, nor his gentlemanly ways. I wish I hadn't treated him so uncivilly; he won't be likely to come back very soon, and Eleanor—well, I couldn't expect to keep her always. It's strange I never thought of this afore; young folks will somehow learn to like each other, and 'tain't no use in tryin' to keep 'm apart. You might as well try to stop the world from movin' by hitchin' a log chain to the moon. I'm sure Eleanor's always been a dutiful and obedient daughter, and I've always thought she fondly loved me."

"And she loves you still, dear father, and will never so far forget her affection for you as to marry without your sanction and blessing."

A soft hand was laid upon the old man's arm, a pair of tender blue eyes were gazing into his face.

"Eleanor!"

"Father!"

So softly had she approached him that he had not noticed her until her voice had started him from his melancholy reflections.

"My child, where have you been?"

"Over to neighbor Merriams. Minnie wanted me to come and stay last night with her, and so I slipped away from home, just to see how funny you would all feel when you woke up this morning and found me missing, but father what in the world were you talking about to yourself when I came up to the bars just now?"

"Nothing, nothing, child. I was only thinking," replied the old man evasively.

"Father," and the blue eyes again looked upward into his face with a pleading expression he could not well resist. "I know the thoughts that were passing in your mind. I know you love me well and would not knowingly wrong me or injure any one that I love, or oppose any obstacle to the future peace and happiness of my life. That I love Paul Moore you know perfectly well, and that he earnestly loves me I am confident and sure. He is a noble and accomplished young man. His character and reputation are as spotless as your own. He has talents and ambition and a disposition to labor and make his way in the world. What more could you ask for? In this matter you are making yourself miserable as well as rendering me wretched and unhappy. Will you not for my sake, for the sake of the love you have always given me, learn to love him?"

John Wilson was subdued. For the first time in his life loving words had touched the tender chords of his better nature, and their music warmed his heart, and melted the ice that had long been hidden there. He placed his hand upon her shining hair, and, brushing it backward from her intellectual forehead, he said:

"Eleanor, it shall be as you wish. I will oppose you no longer in this. I've been a little hard I know, but I meant it all for your good. But it's rather uncomfortable, though, to think that you heard what I was saying here on the bars, when I was talkin' to myself, and I rather suspect this is a contrived plan of yours and yer mother's, to bring me around all right to your notions."

Hand in hand the old man and his daughter walked slowly up the lane toward the old farm house. The storm had gone out of his heart, and sunshine had again entered there. And when at the old homestead, a month later, there was a brilliant wedding; there never was in Glenwood a prouder or a happier father than old John Wilson.

How Gunn Went Off.

Never, never has that fearful creature, the Life Insurance Man, been more thoroughly hit off than by a Philadelphia newspaper gentleman, who, in the following heart-rending manner, describes what nearly every healthy American citizen has had the misfortune to experience:

"His name was Benjamin P. Gunn. He came around to my office fourteen times in one morning to see if he could not persuade me to take out a life-insurance policy in his company. He used to waylay me in the streets, at church, in my own house, and bore me about that policy. If I went to the opera, Gunn would buy the seat next to me, and sit there the whole evening, talking about sudden death and the adantages of the ten-year plan. If I got into a street car, Gunn would come rushing in at the next corner, and sit by my side, and drag out a lot of mortality tables, and begin to explain how I could beat his company out of a fortune. If I sat down to dinner in a restaurant, up would come Gunn, and, seizing the chair next to me, he would tell a cheering anecdote about a man who insured in his company for $5,000 only last week, and was buried yesterday. If I attended the funeral of a departed friend, and wept as they threw the earth upon his coffin, I would hear a whisper, and turning around, there would be the indomitable Benjamin P. Gunn, bursting to say: "Poor Smith! knew him well. Insured for ten thousand in our company. Widow left in comfortable circumstances. Let me take your name. Shall I?" He followed me every where; until I got so sick of Gunn's persecutions that I left town suddenly one evening, and hid myself in a secluded country village, hoping to get rid of him. At the end of two weeks I returned, reaching home at one in the morning. I had hardly got into bed before there was a ring at the door bell. I looked out, and there was Gunn, with another person. He asked if Max Abeler was at home. I said I was the man. Mr. Gunn then observed that he expected my return, and thought he would call around about that insurance policy. He said he had the doctor with him, and if I would come down he would take my name, and have me examined immediately. I was too indignant to reply. I shut the window with a slam, and went to bed again. After breakfast in the morning I opened the door, and there was Gunn sitting on the steps, with his doctor, waiting for me! He had been there all night. As I came out, they seized me and tried to undress me there on the pavement in order to examine me. I retreated, and locked myself up in the garret, with orders to admit nobody to the house until I came down stairs. But Gunn was not to be baffled. He rented the house next door, and stationed himself in the garret adjoining mine. When he got fixed he spent his time pounding on the partition, and crying, "Hallo, Abeler! Abeler, I say! How about that policy? Want to take her out now?" And then he would tell me some anecdotes about men who were cut off immediately after paying the first premium. But I paid no attention to him, and made no noise. Then he was silent for a while. Suddenly, one morning, the trap-door of my garret was wrenched off; and upon looking up, I saw Gunn, with the doctor, and a crowbar, and a lot of death-rates, coming down the ladder at me. I fled from the house to the Presbyterian church close by, and paid the sexton twenty dollars to let me climb up to the point of the steeple, and sit astride of the ball. I promised him twenty more if he would exclude everybody from that steeple for a week. Once safely on the ball, three hundred feet from the earth, I made myself comfortable with the thought that I had Gunn at a disadvantage, and I determined to beat him finally if I had to stay there a month. About an hour afterward, while I was looking at the superb view to the west, I heard a rustling on the other side of the steeple. I looked around, and there was Benjamin P. Gunn creeping up the side of that spire in a balloon, in which was the doctor, with the tabular estimates of the losses of his company from the Tontine system. As soon as Gunn reached the ball, he threw his grappling-iron into the shingles of the steeple, and asked me at what age my father died, and if any of my aunts had consumption or liver complaint. Without replying, I slid down the steeple to the ground, and took the first train for the Mississippi Valley. In two weeks I was in Mexico. I determined to go to the interior, and seek some wild spot, in some elevated region, where no Gunn would ever dare to come. I got on a mule, and paid a guide to lead me to the summit of Popocatepetl. We arrived at the foot of the mountain at noon. We toiled upward for about four hours. Just before reaching the top I heard the sound of voices, and upon rounding a point of rocks, who should I see but Benjamin P. Gunn, seated on the very edge of the crater, explaining the endowment plan to his guide, and stupifying him with a mortality table, while the doctor had the other guide a few yards off, examining him to see if he was healthy! Mr. Gunn arose and said he was glad to see me, because now we could talk over that business about the policy without fear of interruption. In a paroxysm of rage I pushed him backward into the crater; and he fell a thousand feet below with a heavy thud. As he struck the bottom I heard a voice screaming out something about "non forfeiture;" but there was a sudden convulsion of the mountain, a cloud of smoke, and I heard no more. I know it was wrong. I know I had no right to kill Gunn in that manner; but he forced me to do it in self-defence, and I hope his awful fate will be a warning to other insurance agents who remain among us.

The Temperance Bird.

Mary M—has a canary bird which has shown great intelligence, and has been trained to many pretty ways.

Every day at meal times Mary opens the cage door, and Dick flies out and lights upon her shoulder, where he stays until the meal is over. He has been taught that he must be quite still while Mr. M——asks a blessing on their food; so, unless he comes at once when the cage door is opened, he waits in silence till the blessing is over.

Once fairly perched on Mary's shoulder, he expects a taste of everything she eats, and whenever she drinks, she holds up to him a spoonful of tea or coffee, which he sips with relish.

One day Mary was ill, feeling no appetite, and often growing very faint. The doctor ordered brandy and water to revive her, and when she tasted it, Dick, as usual, called for his share. He laid his little head against her face caressingly, peeped and coaxed, till, just for fun, she determined to gratify him. But no sooner had Dick tasted the brandy than he flew into a violent passion, shook his head, stamped his feet, and beat his wings, scolding sharply all the time. Then, in disgust, he flew back into his cage, and would neither come out nor notice Mary again all day.

Oh! that our boys, when spirits are offered them, rejected it as indignantly as did this little canary.—Christian Weekly.

The legitimate occupants of the stalls in a theatre are stage horses.

An obsequious man—the undertaker.

A chicken fight is generally a feud for worms.

A wheel, unlike a horse, runs the better being tired.

A man recently hung himself in an axletree with a cord of wood.

One of the teeth of a biting frost was recently picked up in Canada.

John and Jane were not married, after all; for though John wooed Jane wooed not.

A quaint writer has defined time to be "the vehicle that carries everything into nothing."